UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

All Wars Are Unholy - *Harry Elmer Barnes*

Reflections on the Great Betrayal - - - - - - - *Salmon O. Levinson*

Every White Cross Has a Voice - - - - - - - - *V. Friederika Van Buskirk*

How Can the People of the World Achieve Universal Disarmament? - *Jane Garrott*

"It Is the War"—In Spain - *William Pickens*

Episodes of Travel - *John Haynes Holmes*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

British Peace Workers in the Crisis

Led by George Lansbury, M. P., Chairman of the War Resisters' International, a deputation from the Peace Pledge Union, British section of the W. R. I., left a manifesto at the house of the Prime Minister and at the British Foreign Office, at the crucial point of the war crisis in late September, which makes clear the attitude of many British pacifists. The Peace Pledge Union is an organization of at least 117,000 members. The manifesto asserted:

> The sponsors of the Peace Pledge Union reaffirm their conviction that nothing can justify a resort to war. The last great war slaughtered millions and maimed tens of millions. Its results appear in the present crisis. The last war settled nothing. Another would slaughter hundreds of millions and still settle nothing.
>
> We condemn and reject the use of violence for any purpose by any government. The present crisis is the clearest possible example of historical retribution and a clear justification of pacifist policy. Blame undoubtedly attaches to Germany at the moment, but neither this country nor any other great power is less to blame for the present situation.
>
> We believe that we have no moral right to demand concessions from Czechoslovakia without being ready to make real sacrifices ourselves. We therefore urge that our government should at once invite the representatives of all the nations to meet in conference with the immediate object of revising existing treaties. Such a conference can succeed only if the Government of this country goes into it prepared to regard the question of colonial possessions and our own economic policy as open to drastic revision.

At the same time, Canon Charles E. Raven, Rev. Henry Carter, George Lansbury, Professor G. H. C. Macgregor, Professor C. H. Dodd, J. Middleton Murry, and Canon Stuart D. Morris, all distinguished figures in British religious, educational, political, and anti-war activities, addressed a congress of Christian Pacifists and published a message from the conference which was unanimously adopted. "The present situation," declares the statement of the conference, "proves that a lasting settlement of disputes on the basis of military victory is impossible; yet mankind seems unable to meet it except by methods demon-

(*Continued on page* 80)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXII MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1938 No. 5

THE RIGHT NOT TO FIGHT

"I know it will be asked, 'And is not the citizen bound to fight at the call of his government? . . . Is not obedience to the sovereign power the very foundation on which society rests?' I answer, 'Has the duty of obeying government no bounds? Is the human sovereign a God? . . . Is there no higher standard than human law?' These questions answer themselves. A declaration of war cannot sanction wrong, or turn murder into a virtuous deed. Undoubtedly, as a general rule, the citizen is bound to obey the authorities under which he lives. . . Even in cases of doubtful right he may submit his judgment to the law. But when called to do what his conscience clearly pronounces wrong, he must not waver. No outward law is so sacred as the voice of God in his own breast."

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING: *War.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FLIGHT TO GERMANY

The more we think of it, the more we are convinced that Prime Minister Chamberlain's decision to go to Germany and meet Hitler face to face in the dark hour of the war crisis must remain as one of the great as well as dramatic episodes of history. We can think of a few episodes to match it. Thus, as John Masefield reminded us in his poem, there is the visit of Priam to the tent of Achilles, to beg the body of his dead son, Hector. More truly historical is the immortal story of Pope Leo I. and his visit to Attila, the Hun, when the barbarian hordes were sweeping through Italy to the sack of Rome. Leo, by his persuasions and concessions, stayed the progress of the invader and saved the city, and though Rome later fell to resistless conquerors, the great churchman's act still shines with a radiant lustre. In our own time, there is the visit of Mahatma Gandhi to London in the fall of 1931. The struggle for independence in India was at one of its most critical stages when the Indian leader, in glorious exemplification of his pacifist ideals, journeyed across sea and land to meet and talk with his enemy. Yes, there are these few precedents! But Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Germany still stands unique in the range of its responsibility and the supreme consequence of its results. The peace of the world, perhaps the fate of mankind, hung upon that interview, which in the end, we believe, was decisive in saving us from war. We like the comment upon this whole episode, including the Munich visit, of the London correspondent of the *Friend's Intelligencer:*

> The past week, with its almost unbearable suspense, has seen Europe drifting to the brink of inconceivable disaster and—overcome at the glimpse of what it has been shown—recoiling unnerved and shaken to the core. All parties here unite in the view that Mr. Chamberlain's startling resolution to fly for direct consultation with Herr Hitler has been a turning point. Not many people here seem to have heard the broadcast of Mr. Chamberlain's return from the Munich aerodrome, relayed from Germany. Probably that was because it came at the lunch hour when few people listen to the wireless. I am told that it was actually a far more impressive broadcast than those given from the London aerodrome at Heston. There were Germans at Munich announcing in English, and the feeling was one of intense cordiality. It was possible to sense across the ether the surge of relief that had come to the German people at Mr. Chamberlain's visit. They took it as an act of personal sympathy.

Whether Chamberlain has saved Europe in the end, we do not know. He may fail, as Leo I. failed, after his initial success, to save Rome. But we shall believe, till events prove otherwise, that Europe is moving toward peace. We tried once to outlaw and outrage the German people, with results that still menace the world with terror. If Chamberlain has begun to win this unhappy people with sympathy, it may mean deliverance for mankind.

THE END IS NOT YET

It is astonishing to note the people these days who believe that Hitler has won a sort of final victory in Czechoslovakia, and that nothing can now stop him in his career of world conquest. These people, who, of course, believe that Englishmen and Frenchmen should have gone to war to break his power (while Americans sat three thousand miles away, safe from every danger!) obviously place no reliance upon moral law, learn no lessons of history, and think that sheer brute force settles everything permanently. We cherish a different faith, and therefore a nobler hope. That the present situation in Europe is serious we would not deny. But it is not half as serious as the situation in Europe when Napoleon was laying the continent at his feet. There is the famous story of William Pitt, the younger, who, on hearing of the battle of Austerlitz in 1805, pointed to a map of Europe on the wall, and said, "Roll up that map. We shall not need it for another dozen years." Pitt soon died, brokenhearted and in despair, while Napoleon rode on from triumph to triumph. But the scales of destiny were from the beginning weighted against the French Emperor, as at this moment they are weighted against the German Fuehrer. Just now the skies are dark. Hitler will in all probability gain a mastery of the European continent which may match

that of his great predecessor. But that this tyrant can in the end triumph, or even survive, is as impossible as that gravitation may cease to hold the stars. Hitler will go the way of all the bandit-conquerors before him. No power on earth can, and no power in heaven will, save him. The only question is how long he may endure, and by what accident of fortune he may fall. Napoleon lasted ten years after Pitt surrendered. It is conceivable that Hitler may last longer. But his doom is already sealed. The tragedy is that the mills of God grind so slowly, and devour such myriads of innocent and helpless victims. The price, O Lord! why must such price be paid?

PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS

Some months ago there was established in New York an "Institute of Propaganda Analysis, Inc." Each month this Institute issues a bulletin, entitled *Propaganda Analysis,* which is intended "to help the intelligent citizen detect and analyze propaganda." Here was good news—science, with clear objective eye, to survey the field of publicity, and reveal to us the truth! Early bulletins were encouraging, if a little dull. Now (October) comes a sheet on "News from Europe" during the Czechoslovakian crisis, which is itself as good an example of propaganda as we have ever seen. Analyze this, and all will be known as to why minds go wrong and ideas become hopelessly biased and thus untrustworthy! This October bulletin makes plain the maze of confusion that was trailed across our newspapers while the crisis was on. The best correspondents flatly contradicted each other; dispatches from one capital were wholly irreconcilable with those from another; announcements made yesterday were denied or branded as lies today. "Faced with so many contradictory reports," ask the editors, "what can we believe?" But why do they ask, when every sentence of their report shows that they know exactly what to believe? "Germany's *Drang nach Osten* is under way again." Perhaps—but how do these editors know? "The only question is: Will Germany be stopped?" Is it? How we wish it were all as easy as that! "Was there ever any doubt that England and France would capitulate to Hitler?" The governments and peoples of Europe thought so, else why such hectic mobilizations, why such deadly panics? The bulletin editors, in other words, amid unprecedented confusion of information, are as prejudiced and emotional as the rest of us. Like any man on the street anywhere, they believe precisely and completely what they want to believe. Objectivity is thrown to the winds, and propaganda—this time from the American collective security group—rapturously accepted. All of which means that nothing is quite so much needed at this moment as the organization of a super-group of propaganda analysts to analyze the propaganda analysts!

THE N. L. R. B.

The National Labor Relations Board must be an extraordinary body. Look at what people think of it! Here, on the one hand, is the American Federation of Labor, which surely should be favorable to any federal body established under law to protect organized labor and to further the cause of collective bargaining. Yet in the annual report of its executive council, the Federation denounces the Board for its "unlawful assumption of broad powers," and calls for a drastic revision of the Wagner Act to curb the Board. But here, on the other hand, is a study of the N. L. R. B. in no less a magazine than *Fortune,* the organ of big business, which circulates among the rich at one dollar per copy. *Fortune* examines the record of the Board objectively, and comes to the conclusion that it has done a fine job. It finds no reason for complaint upon the part of those who favor collective bargaining, and no occasion for amendment of the Act under which the Board operates. The net result of this topsy-turvy testimony is confusing. Yet do we seem to see light in the American Federation of Labor's excitement over the Labor Board's "unholy alliance" with the C. I. O. This is the old feud springing up again to bedevil the cause of labor. What we are forced to conclude, after pondering *Fortune's* testimony, is that the N. L. R. B. is indeed doing a fine job—much finer than we had hitherto inferred from day-to-day newspaper reports. (See UNITY, October 17, page 53). We will concede henceforth the excellence of the record. Yet do we still take exception to the Board's attitude on the question of free speech and civil rights generally for employers as well as employes. We have seen convincing evidence that, under the terms of the law as administered by the Board, employers of labor are denied the most elementary rights of addressing their employes as they would ordinary citizens. The plea offered in extenuation is "coercion"—the employers, by expressing their opposition to unions, are "coercing" their employes! To us this is sheer nonsense offered as a lame excuse for patent injustice.

MOONEY STILL IN PRISON

The refusal of the Supreme Court to hear the Mooney case leaves us speechless. We are numbed not merely for Mooney but even more for the cause of justice and the whole system of law in this republic. Why do we have courts, after all? For what purpose do we spend millions of dollars for judges and juries and attorneys and the whole system of trials and appeals? The only answer is in the scriptural phrase, "to do justly." And yet here is a case in which every expedient of the law is exhausted, and there remains no way to free an innocent man from prison. It may be well to rehearse the reasons for the assertion that Mooney was wrongly convicted. These reasons are

summed up in the single sentence that he was pronounced "guilty" on perjured testimony. This is witnessed to by the trial judge in the case, by nine of the ten living jurors, by the assistant district attorney who prosecuted Billings on the same charges, by the detective chief who assembled the evidence, and by a subsequent San Francisco district attorney who investigated the case. All agree that Mooney is innocent, or at least has not been proven guilty. Yet there now remains no way in state or nation of undoing injustice by releasing the twenty-two year prisoner, or securing for him a new trial. The same situation was encountered in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. There was there no way under the law of getting a plea for a new trial out of the hands of the original trial judge, and no way of enabling the Supreme Court to pass upon the evidence as well as the judicial process. Sacco and Vanzetti were put to death, because no method of doing justice could be found. All of which raises urgently the question of why courts of law exist, and what is the matter that, in cases of this kind, they cannot effectively function. Apparently what we have here, in our judicial system, is a "due process" which exists now as an end in itself, and not as a means to the end of justice and human happiness. The law must vindicate itself even though innocent men suffer and die. This sounds to us terribly like the old legend of the juggernaut car. If this is our plight, how long can the republic endure?

THIS PATRIOTISM BUSINESS

It's more than we can understand—this business of being a patriot. How keep up with all the rules and regulations, the rites and ceremonies, more particularly the taboos, as prescribed for and by the patriotic soul! The ritual of the flag, for example, has always been to us an esoteric mystery—how to hang it, when to raise and lower it, the precaution not to let it drag on the ground, the insistence that it be saluted! It all seems terribly burdensome, and a little feeble-minded. But now come new shocks! Here is a woman in New York who writes to Mayor La Guardia to complain that her husband makes her get out of bed and stand at attention whenever, late at night, the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" are wafted into the bedroom by the radio. Is this sort of thing obligatory upon the patriotic citizen, asks this woman whose husband says it is? One would think that an easy remedy would be to shut off the radio, especially on cold nights. But perhaps it is unpatriotic to stop the national anthem once it is begun. Our own answer to the inquiry would be to detain the husband and put him under observation for lunacy. As a matter of fact, the Mayor referred the question to Washington, where a group of solemn owls sat in consultation upon what is the duty of the patriot in his nightgown. A second episode is reported from Newark, New Jersey, where an irate soul has been making trouble over two aluminum copies of the Great Seal of the United States imbedded in the floor of the local postoffice. These seals, avers the complainant, have been trampled heedlessly underfoot daily by thousands of passers-by. This is an insult to the government, a shame upon the nation. Indignant letters to President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, and Postmaster General Farley at last stirred action, and a fortnight ago the replicas of the Great Seal in the postoffice floor were removed, and replaced by white marble stars. "And those," said the Postmaster, in haste, "don't mean anything in particular." One wonders if patriotism of this type means anything in particular either.

KARL KAUTSKY

Karl Kautsky, dead on October 17th last, was the last of that great Marxian group, whose thought and work constitute an era. Kautsky knew Marx himself, was a close friend and associate of Engels, was for years a dominating factor in the Second International, and in Germany was through more than a generation the leading intellectual force in the Social Democrat Party. In many ways Kautsky was the greatest Socialist thinker after Marx himself; his writings constitute a formidable library of Socialism. Central in his career were his two long-sustained duels with Bernstein, the Revisionist, and Lenin, the Bolshevik. Bernstein he respected as a comrade and loved as a friend, but opposed bitterly in all his attempts to modify the Marxian system. Lenin he fought for years in a struggle of ideas which was a kind of prelude to the vast drama of the Russian revolution. Never at any time was Kautsky willing to compromise with the Bolsheviks, or recognize their movement as anything other than a betrayal of the Socialism which he had learned from the master himself. It is to be remembered that Kautsky heroically opposed the Great War —one of the few Socialists faithful to the workers' interest in peace. The closing years in the career of this great man were compact of danger and suffering. With the advent of Hitler to power, he fled to his native country, taking refuge in Vienna. When the Nazis entered Austria, he fled to Prague in such haste that he was obliged to abandon his priceless library. From Prague, in these last few weeks, he went to Amsterdam where, an old, broken, and heartsick man, he miserably died. Karl Kautsky spanned the entire age of which he was one of the brightest heralds. His thought today seems as old-fashioned as that of the Victorian period. Other forces have entered into our world and possessed it utterly. Violence has taken the place of reason, and the totalitarian state is at war with democracy. Kautsky must have been glad to die, since there was no room for him among men. Is there any more damning indictment of our time than the tragedy of such a soul?

Jottings

War is the worst of evils. Therefore, no policy of peace, however tragic, can be as bad as war.

If we go to war, everything is lost. If we keep the peace, something may be saved. Therefore, we are always in favor of peace.

It was the sober judgment of Benjamin Franklin, that "there never was a good war, nor a bad peace."

A ministerial colleague said truly and pithily in a recent discussion: "The world has a better chance of surviving Hitler than of surviving another war."

Give a criminal rope enough, and he will hang himself. Give Hitler time enough, and he will undo himself.

We tried war once—and look what it did, and is still doing, to us! Yet there are those who would try war again—on the principle, we suppose, of the man in the nursery book, so "wondrous wise," who "jumped into a bramble-bush and scratched out both his eyes!"

J. H. H.

All Wars Are Unholy*

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Twenty-four years ago the world found itself in flames, involved in the most deadly military and naval duel which had taken place in the history of mankind. Today we stand on the brink of an even more deadly second World War, which may destroy human civilization.

Having given more than usual attention to the folly and mistakes which brought on the first World War in 1914 and paid some heed to the disasters to humanity which followed its conclusion, I may be pardoned for entertaining an ardent desire that the world shall not again be bathed in blood as a result of the imbecilities of diplomats, themselves the blind servants of world forces they could not understand, much less master.

Whatever its services to civilization in the distant past, war is today the chief menace which the human race has to face. There is at least a gambling chance that, if world peace is maintained, we may slowly muddle through our present perplexities and create a world which is fit for habitation by the mass of mankind. If, however, we add to our already over-complicated problems the burdens of another great military cataclysm, there is no possibility that civilization, as we know it, can survive. Whether we shall, those of us that remain, sink into barbarism or shape a new form of culture, no one can say with confidence today. But a new social order, however excellent, if purchased at the price of another world war, would be unspeakably expensive at the best.

The disasters of a second World War would bear heavily upon the United States, should we prove foolish enough to enter such a conflict. The New Deal and all of its promise of a "more abundant life" for Americans would fold up overnight, as did the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson in 1917. Our civic liberties, for which the Fathers of our country fought and bled, would be even more thoroughly suppressed than they were during the first World War. The mobilization plans already drawn up call for a regimentation of American life entirely unmatched by anything that existed in 1917-18. There is every probability that this regimentation would carry over into peacetime and would transform the United States into a Fascist society, whatever mollifying name we might give to the new system.

The already large national debt would be doubled or worse, thus enormously increasing the permanent overhead in the national budget. The cessation of wartime industry, coupled with the relative lack of resources for priming the pump of private industry or maintaining public works under government auspices, would probably mean a more serious depression than the country has ever previously experienced. Whether anything resembling individualistic capitalism could survive the strains and stresses of that day may be well doubted.

The question of world war is, thus, rather more than an academic matter for Americans, even if we leave out of account the loss of life, human sorrow, and the depressing blow of bereavement.

That we will have better sense than a generation ago and will remain aside from the second World War can hardly be taken for granted. Few Americans realize how thoroughly we were played for suckers by the European states in 1914-18. There would be a strong sentiment to support the burning of our fingers once more in pulling foreign chestnuts out of the fire.

Nor is our government at Washington such as to assure confidence in a rigorous policy of neutrality. This statement I make with deep regret, since I have from the first been in general accord with the ideals and principles of the New Deal.

In our President and Secretary of State we are probably less fortunate today, so far as peace and world affairs are concerned, than we were in 1914 with Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan.

No one need question the sincerity of the pacific protestations of either President Roosevelt or Secretary Hull. But Mr. Roosevelt is not a Woodrow Wilson who has arrived at firm pacifist convictions on the basis of prolonged study. He is an ardent naval enthusiast, who would be susceptible to propaganda inciting us to enter a naval war. And if we do enter the second World War, it will, in all probability, be in a naval

*This is a complete text of the address which the parade committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy did not permit Dr. Barnes to deliver in New York, on August 6.—*Editors.*

war against Japan, making the Pacific Ocean safe for the colonial empires of Great Britain and Holland.

Mr. Hull is pretty close to being a noble man, but he is also a loyal and unwavering disciple of Woodrow Wilson's policy of making the world good, by force, if necessary. It was this philosophy which helped to put us into the first World War. The very goodness of Mr. Hull makes his foreign policy seem the more dangerous. Americans are the more inclined to trust his foreign policy without close scrutiny.

Finally, the English influence upon our State Department, which did more than anything else save economic and financial pressure to put us into the first World War, remains as strong as it was in 1914.

It required a year or so for Woodrow Wilson to get involved in that rash and partisan diplomacy which proved his and our undoing. At the start, in 1914, the diplomacy of President Wilson was well-nigh perfect in form and content alike.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Hull got off on the wrong foot immediately. But for the desperate necessity of keeping out of a war with us for the time being, at almost any cost, Japan would certainly have made war against us over the ill-conceived, unwarranted and studiously insulting notes we sent in the *Panay* incident.

Moreover, we find the same inconsistency in our foreign policy today which involved Mr. Wilson in tragedy. President Roosevelt spoke in Chicago last autumn about quarantining the warmongering Fascist States. But the only effective embargo he has laid has been on the heroic forces of Loyalist Spain. He is now launching us on a vast and ominous naval preparedness program. But he permits Americans to sell to Japan the materials which alone are making Japan strong enough to warrant any such armament race on our part.

President Roosevelt's foreign policies and armament program are especially dangerous because they seem to be about the only items in his administrative scheme of which all classes in the United States overwhelmingly approve.

The other forces and factors which led us into war in 1917 are still present with us, some of them even more potent than they were a generation back.

The international bankers, who financed the Allies, were paid to the last cent by all creditors save the Russians. They learned no "lesson" other than profit from the first World War. They led in the campaign to cancel war debts, so that their European creditors could once more begin to borrow heavily from private bankers here. They worry little about the fact that Uncle Sam is still holding the bag. They are all set to finance the favored group of belligerents in the second World War. The industrialists are already raking in their profits from large sales of arms to warring and rearming nations abroad.

The military cult, which, in 1914-17, had to depend upon a few individuals like Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Gus Gardiner, Henry Cabot Lodge, and the like, and upon hastily assembled organizations like the National Security League, can now rely upon the support of the powerful American Legion, the Reserve Officers Training Corps, the greatly strengthened National Guard, and the like.

Propaganda favoring our entry into the next World War will be far more skillful and powerful than in 1914-17. There will be more and better instruments to lie with, and better things to lie about. To the mere printed page of 1914-17 will be added the radio, newsreels, television, skywriting, and the like. And Fascism and the Yellow Peril will supply more effective raw materials for propaganda lies than Germany and her Kaiser. Moreover, the propagandists will not need to be amateur liars, as they were in 1914. They have all the lessons of the wartime lying in 1914-18 to draw upon, as well as the propaganda of the postwar period.

The press is not likely to remain blind to the news appeal of preparedness activities and war doings. And ministers of the gospel will probably rationalize themselves out of their former antiwar stand. They will discover that the second World War is a new and different kind of war that demands a high moral stand in favor of the group of powers which is waging the most effective propaganda in our country.

Therefore, if we are realistic, we must recognize that the forces, factors, and personalities which may involve us in the second World War are even more threatening and ominous than in 1914. If we trust to a policy of drift in our foreign affairs we shall certainly and inevitably drift into war and chaos.

It is for this reason that such demonstrations as that of today are timely and useful. We must arouse the people of the United States to the threat of calamity before they start beating drums. We can only prepare for peace in the time of peace.

Reflections on the Great Betrayal*

SALMON O. LEVINSON

A play of conflicting forces has been shown on the international screen. The crusading pacifists, almost a negligible minority, have had their way. Not with Hitler, not with Mussolini but with and through the imperialist Chamberlain. Moral principles have been thrown into the discard, treaty obligations have been circumvented and made scraps of paper indeed by hitherto honorable nations; introverted nationalisms reinforced by jitters have dominated the scene; the League of Nations Covenant has been converted into a European relic; a brave little state has been wantonly betrayed and sacrificed.

Peace at any price (to Czechoslovakia) is now a *fait accompli* engineered by the non-Fascist European powers. Government and action by force and swashbuckling bluff have received their degree of *summa cum laude*. The mighty Britain has pathetically fallen from grace, has by her own acts forfeited and lost the great moral power she undisputedly held in this world for a whole century. France, hitherto next in command, with a proud history of indomitable courage, of devotion to liberty and democracy, and fidelity to international commitments, has been automatically demoted to

*These reflections of Mr. Levinson were written at 6:30 the morning after the Munich betrayal of Czechoslovakia. At our request Mr. Levinson is writing for UNITY a special article dealing with problems involved in the application of the principle of self-determination.—*Man. Ed.*

a minor power, a serious blow to civilization and cause for deep grief to all her millions of foreign friends.

The god of force and the devil of religion is now enthroned over the destinies of Europe, with a fanatical ambition threatening the entire world. The diabolical logic of recent events calls for an alliance between England and Germany and, of course, the ending of the treaty of alliance between France, Russia, and Czechoslovakia.

At the very least, Chamberlain's invaluable services to Hitler should impel the latter to name one of the prominent Munich streets "Chamberlainstrausse." The ovation to the Prime Minister by the appreciative German multitudes proves that gratitude is not dead in certain quarters.

But cheer up, America. We can now cling to our isolationism and we have our rude awakening of foreign machinations to guide and serve us.

Every White Cross Has a Voice

V. FRIEDERIKA VAN BUSKIRK

(The dead are disturbed by marching troops, the earth is recoiling from the shock of guns and the high, insidious drone of the aeroplanes and the snarling of human maniacs.)

The Lad speaks (as a child disturbed in his sleep): God, why disturb our sleep tonight? We've come to love this place we're lying in. There is no other peace like the peace of death, and death's the only peace while men are fiends.

Philosopher (compassionately): We know too well, my lad, what these sounds mean, but high and thin above the tramp of men I hear the hearts that beat, the lives of those who strive to save the world from war. They have no wish to further wreck the world for futile gain. I bless them from my tomb, a dead man's gift.

Poet (with intense seriousness): You're right.
I hear the hum of hope that's firmly fixed
In souls who'd rather die for mankind's peace
Than live for any other cause at all.
I feel the vibrant energy their lives release.
Only through them may our souls be redeemed
From murder, hatred, ignorance, and sin
That we are guilty of—still guilty in our death.

Volunteer (with a sudden passion): We are the million men who killed! We came to kill, not to be killed. And the tears have fallen for us like the rain. Those eyes that wept, and where is one that didn't weep?—those eyes should be clear-sighted, having wept. Those hearts should say, "Mine is the power, mine is the destiny to keep the human soul free to aspire and grow. God, if we must hate, let us hate hate itself, then love can begin to build."

Cynic (still dour in death): I have my doubts. In death I have my doubts. I think men still want things and power, not truth. I think they'll always fight to guard their pride.

Philosopher: My cynic friend, if you believe those words, you are not dead enough; for death reveals the Truth. Those words are not the Truth.

Lad (quietly): The only peace is death. The agonies we knew, what are they now compared to all the pain the living men must know to hear these marching men again? (With sudden force.) Why *will* they march and march and march, disturbing both the living and the dead, cheating the yet unborn of their just heritage of human dignity?

Volunteer (a youth who has lost his swagger): I was a volunteer, a crazy fool who lost his sanity thinking that he was brave. Death sure gives sight to foggy eyes. Why say, I once believed that there *were* enemies, and now it's clear, so clear that I could wish that I had tears for weeping, or a tongue to speak: All enemies are puppets on a string, a string of lies! And how we danced our jig, our jig of death! Stupid, wasn't it?

Lad: Yea, stupid as hell.

Pilot (who could have been a poet): I was a pilot. It was "Ace" they called me. Rather call me ass, or fool, or devil, if you will. High in God's sky I rode my thundering wings. At earliest dawn the earth lay still below me, silent and peaceful—

Cynic: How can you say "peaceful," for sleeping men were dreaming of their kill; their brains were twisted by a white hot hatred. If it was peaceful, 'twas the peace of crouching beasts.

Pilot: You misunderstand me; I did not speak of men. God's *earth* lay peaceful in the morning sun until I let hell loose upon that earth. My plane was guided by the devil's palm. I should have killed that devil off, but no! I dropped a portion of my soul with every shell. The flaming of self-loathing burned the rest of me until, when I was struck, I crashed to earth, glad to be splintered, for I knew too well that there was nothing of me left worth calling man.

Lad (rousing himself): Say, did you fellas know what it meant to leave your girl, the girl you planned the future with? I didn't come to die. No, heroes do not die! Or so I thought. But soon I learned too well that cowards do, and that is what I was. As soon as martial music stopped, as soon as tearful smiles were left behind, and flags were still; as soon as the horizon of the vast Atlantic gave sight unto my eyes, I knew that I was trapped. Yes, trapped; we all were trapped, caught like dumb rats and trained to tread a maze with the only exit death. We tread it well! (Like a sob.) Too well for mine and Mary's sake.

Cynic (who is not so bad, really): Look here, buddy, sure we know how you feel. Sure we felt the same. But I would rather lie and fertilize the fields of France than go back to my girl with murder in my eyes and bloodstains on my hands. We're better off. How could I bear children, have them know their father was a killer; where begin to build my life again on faith and love, with that demon memory eating out my heart? What could I have faith in, what find to love? We're better off here, kid, sure we're better off. (Intensely) How could I touch the softness of her hair or kiss those lips of hers with lips that lay in slime, that lay in mud and slime and still-warm human blood? It would have made me sick! I'm glad I'm dead.

Pilot (as in a reverie): I'd say to women, forget the ecstasy of love; to men, keep your human seeds unreleased. How *can* you bear fresh life to stop a

bayonet, a human stalwart body to be split in crazy fashion, to stain the grass with blood and flowing brains?

Cynic (excitedly, as though on a soap-box): Not at all, my friend, not at all! Tell them to bear and bear again. Let them raise a fine fresh crop of youth. Let all new generations be mowed down. Let them lie prone on earth that bore them first. Deeper than prone, let them lie beside us here. Put all the race beneath the crust of earth, *then* see if pride remains, or lust, or greed! No more to murder will mean no more war; no more to grab from will mean no more greed; no more to love and there'll be no more sons to hate each other with a devastating hate.

Philosopher (with a quiet firmness): My faith is that the silence of this place, these rows of crosses, ironic in the sun, these human seeds that lie here, thwarted harvest, will even yet bear fruit. Seeds are potent things. This silence speaks; don't you know it speaks more eloquence than diplomats and kings have ever learned the meaning of, or ever will. So long as there are diplomats who feel the "honor" of their nation like a weight to be relieved through war, we died in vain. So long as a single ruler can sign a paper, a warrant sending millions to their deaths, then take a cruise, oblivious to his fiendish guilt, a government mad with the power rooted in its hands—we can only lie and wait, endure and hug the earth that holds us in embrace of stony death. But girls from whom war stole their unborn sons, the ones who gave their youth to dark despair—surely they will see it must not be in vain, for they are grown to womanhood by now. My faith is in all common men, aroused, who pledge their lives to peace, and not their deaths to war, as we have done. Futile illusions and flash-phrases were our baseless inspiration. But I *know* the soul of God still lives in hearts of men.

Poet (as in prayer):

God, forgive our brothers' hate.
They know not what they do.
Open their eyes before too late,
Let human love shine through.

Supplant desire for vengeful gain
With kindness, faith, and hope.
New strength will grow where death has lain;
Mankind will cease to grope

Through hells of blood, through poisoned lust,
Shackled slaves of greed.
The spirit aroused within his dust
Will answer his deepest need.

Teach him Thy laws, that he may use
His strength as yet unfurled;
Erase the doubts that now confuse,
Help him build a nobler world.

A world where love and joy will be
Twin guides upon his way
To where the spirit, unhindered, free,
Reveals Thy luminous day.

Pilot (catching the contagion of the poet's plea): O God in heaven, spare one woman and one man, two hearts who see beyond death's vacancy, two hearts who vibrate with the pulse of faith, eager to enter the door of living love. Let them begin a race of boys and girls who use the natural world as stepping stone to attain the stature of their souls, to erect a social world that's built on brotherhood and justice.

Philosopher: We lie here, futile dead, until that day when reason dissolves all boundaries, and love creates a planetary race of men and women and children who know how to laugh.

Lad: "Laugh." Did you say "laugh"? I've forgotten what it means.

Philosopher: May the potency of all our souls, released by death, teach human beings that kindly laughter heals. Hope and faith are positive; they build. Our silence speaks to you. We loved our life. We loved the sunlight on the earth. We felt the stir of ecstasy and hope. We wanted children, hungered for our homes. We held the world a dear and precious place where a man could stand up straight and work and play. The stars once stirred our living frames with joy and we were creators each after his own fashion.

Volunteer (despairingly): Who taught us how to murder, how to hate? Who showed our fingers triggers on our guns? Who pranced our feet and cheered our dull parades? Who made us cowards; God! who paralyzed our minds?

Cynic: Perhaps we died in vain. It's worse to *live* in vain, which all the race is doing so long as it goes backward to another war.

Philosopher: To us it seems in vain. Not so in the eyes of the future which brooding waits with infinite patience until the mind of man has ripened to an awareness of its possibilities. But I hear the sighing of a Great Silence, the future waiting to be nobly born from hearts and minds of men who cherish Truth more than life itself. We are restless in our graves until that Time.

(A cock crows. The silence of death lies heavily over every battlefield on earth.)

On the Approach of War

Speak peace, above the din of war,
The momentary clash of swords:
Still softly steps the Evening Star,
The midnight sky its calm records.

Say you the Earth shakes with the strain
Of armaments unknown of old?
The skies shriek with the ghastly rain
No annals of the past have told?

Go, listen where the shores repeat
The ageless anthems of the sea;
Where trees and grasses, in retreat,
Prepare the Spring that is to be.

Or, in thyself, mark the refrain
Where fuller, deeper, timeless more
Than all the winds of wrath and pain,
The soul taps its immortal store.

Speak peace, above the din of war,
And all the strife of human ill;
Tomorrow's ways, how long and far,
Shall yet man's deathless dream fulfill.

—Robert Whitaker.

How Can the People of the World Achieve Universal Disarmament?

JANE GARROTT

"Silently the people of the world have accepted mutilation and death." Silently their despair has been gathering force. For the present, fear and suspicion, like some strange kind of paralysis, hold them in subjection.

Governments foster these fears and suspicions when they force young men to learn "the arts of war." Governments insist that if these young men do not learn to kill the youths of other countries, those foreign youths will invade their lands and kill them.

This ridiculous obsession—the fear of foreign invasion—hovers like a miasmic fog over the spirits of legislators, smothers their normal perceptions, and deprives them of common sense and foresight. Preparing to kill each other, nations are ruining themselves. They have reached the nadir of folly and madness.

Yet nothing is more certain than this: these young men, numbering millions, do not want to kill; they are not afraid of each other. For the most part they are afraid of war itself, since many of them realize that the fighting method is as stupid as it is cruel.

Who will save them? Shall we look to those so-called statesmen who control the policy of nations?

Certainly not! For what has brought us to the terrible situation we now face if it is not man's absurd obstinacy in clinging to traditional behavior, if it is not man's inability to organize an effective method of disarming nations, if it is not man's unwillingness to inject the common principles of decency and justice into the field of international commerce?

No, these men—our legislators and diplomats—cannot and will not save those millions of youths doomed to agonizing death, nor will they save the millions of helpless women and children who will perish miserably when the next war breaks with the bombing of cities.

Men have failed. Who, then, will save us? Who, if not the women? Is it not woman's historical mission to give life, to protect, and to save it?

There was a time when a band of noble women from fifty-two countries came before the Geneva Disarmament Conference to present petitions asking for disarmament. They were received with suave politeness, flattered—and dismissed! Not the slightest heed was given to the demands in their petitions listing names of millions of people from all over the world who begged for disarmament. Governments have since proceeded to increase their munitions as never before and to strengthen what they are pleased to call their "defense forces."

Having in mind the failure of that former attempt, shall women accept their final dismissal from conferences which control the very course of civilization itself, to say nothing of the life and death of millions?

Women must now rise, throw off their garments of subjection and humility, and take their place in the front of world affairs. Women must realize the strength of their love, and step up to the summit of their powers. They must be fearless and command with authority. Endowed with deep spiritual and emotional vitality, they have before played the part of pioneers. When their dearest love is concerned, they spurn precedent and tradition. They can go straight to their goal—if they will it. Now is their great opportunity!

A dramatic shock is needed. A bold and spectacular proceeding must be planned. The writer's suggestion is of this nature.

It is proposed that a group of women—many of them well-poised and attractive young women — shall be chosen from all nations, and shall be appointed to visit in a body the most important countries of the world. The numbers in this group should be impressive—certainly not less than 300, preferably 500. They will be chosen from the most zealous and intransigent peace advocates and must have personalities forceful enough to carry out a plan of action agreed upon by an executive committee appointed by leading peace workers.

The women taking part in this pilgrimage (which may be appropriately named *The Women's Crusade Against War*) will come from peace societies, religious organizations, women's clubs, associations of artists, business and professional women, writers, actresses, scientists, and prominent individuals known to be effective peace advocates.

The crusaders will be provided with carefully prepared equipment in the way of banners, literature, posters, and advertising agents. Transportation must be arranged in a somewhat lavish manner for the purpose of attracting attention, and all details must be completely supervised by experienced producers of pageants. Expenses will be provided by contributions of sympathizers and supporters. (Here it may be noted that as soon as this plan becomes known a contract with a film producer may be secured which will amply repay all expenses of the Crusaders.)

What will be the message of these delegates? How will they be able to focus the attention of the masses upon the principle: *Nations Must Disarm and Wars Must Cease?*

It must be remembered that these women are inspired by this conviction, "We are not afraid of any other people." They are demonstrating the living principle of peace and friendliness. By means of speeches, literature — possibly by tableaux and pictures — they will express their feelings in regard to the blunders their so-called statesmen have committed in world affairs, blunders that have all but wrecked our civilization. They will be outspoken in expressing their shame and chagrin at the sight of armed forces, gunboats and bombing planes which their governments have sent to other lands to "preserve the peace." Especially in the large cities and harbors of the Orient they will declare their disapproval of the domination and military arrogance of Western powers.

They will seek an opportunity to talk to soldiers in all the countries that they visit and will tell them that thinking people no longer look upon them as "heroic defenders of the nation," but as the dupes of an antiquated war system which may terrify but can never secure protection or safety for the most precious and beloved of all the nations' possessions—their own women and children.

In a word, these women may be able, by means of a bold demonstration, to sweep into the dustbin of dead illusions all of the legendary pseudo-glories of Man's Military Parade.

Besides addressing audiences and holding conferences with leaders of thought, the Crusaders will present a Memorial to the legislative bodies of all the countries they visit. This Memorial should be boldly and frankly written as a Manifesto. Its main thesis will be an indictment against the stupidity of the war system and the "preparedness" propaganda of nations. They will point out the fact that this insane policy has brought the great nations of the world to the point of ethical and material bankruptcy, and has crippled the resources of the small countries to an alarming extent. An appeal will be made to legislators to adopt a new spirit of coöperation and friendship and to move for total disarmament, to be as speedily and effectively carried out as the disarmament of Germany by the allies at the end of the World War.

It will also be noted in the Manifesto that a strong opposition to war has arisen in many countries; that thousands of young men have pledged themselves to refuse to fight for any cause; that other thoughtful people have declared that they will deny any kind of assistance to their governments in case of a declaration of war; and that the Crusaders themselves have vowed to oppose with all the forces at their command efforts of their countries to engage in war—even though this opposition should bring them face to face with the charge of treason and lead to their imprisonment or death.

It is quite possible that a spectacular pilgrimage of this nature will have far-reaching results. Some measure of hope and faith may be restored to the apathetic and the feeble ones. The great fear that broods over the world will be lessened; the tension and suspense will be a little released; moved by the courage of these women, lawmakers and politicians may be shamed as if a mirror were held before the dark recesses of their souls; young men now drilling for war in thousands of schoolgrounds will feel a throb of relief; such an impetus may be given to a saner attitude of mind that many who now repeat like dazed morons, "We must be prepared," will suddenly awake to the obvious truth —*if we prepare for war we shall certainly get war.*

When people have once grasped this idea, that armaments, far from preventing war and giving us security, constitute in themselves the most imminent cause of war, it is quite possible that popular pressure for disarmament will force its way to achievement.

"It Is the War"—In Spain

WILLIAM PICKENS

"It is the war"—became the answer for everything, wise and unwise, human and inhuman, reasonable or not, during the World War of 1914-18. Queer things have always been done in the name of "war." Queer things are being done now in the name of war in Spain and in other nations in reference to Spain. And queer things will be done as long as there is war, for war itself is the greatest social monstrosity.

Outside of Spain, ever since their rebels started the present war, we have heard much about "neutrality" and "non-intervention,"—nice human words before this war, but words which have now lost some of their flavor for the man in the street. The neutrality practiced has been most one-sided, and the non-intervention pretended has shielded the most immoral and the most brutal of intervention. Since the rise of Hitler in 1933, the British and the French have never seen eye-to-eye in any European great problem,—until they went together to yield to Hitler at Munich. When Hitler marched into the demilitarized Rhine zones, Britain held France back; when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia, France, whose Laval had just kissed the big cheeks of Mussolini, held Britain back; and when Mussolini next launched his legions against the peaceable Spanish people, Britain again held France back. They had fifty-three nations talking "sanctions," while Italy raped Ethiopia; and, now, they started a few well-armed nations to shamming "non-intervention," while Mussolini and Hitler backed Franco brazenly in his effort to overthrow the people's government in Spain. To us looking on from the outside, it seems certain that Franco was assured by the dictators before ever he started his civil war.

What were the motives? Franco, of course, wanted to be supreme lord in Spain; but Mussolini and Hitler had no quarrel against Spain: the Iberian people had stayed out of the World War, in spite of the enticements of England and France. The Spanish had also done what they seldom do in Europe: had gotten rid of their worthless King without murdering him, simply allowing him to take his money and his good-timing life and go. The Italian attack on Spain was Mussolini's reply to the British attitude on Ethiopia, and an effort to break the British hold in the Mediterranean by establishing a dictatorship right back of the Rock of Gibraltar. And the German attack on Spain was simply to help the Italian dictator in return for help from Italy when Hitler moved further into Central Europe.

Therefore the Spanish people, on the defensive in their own land, are the only people who are innocent in this bloody war. It could have been expected that Britain and France and Russia and America, nations that at least have not forsworn democracy, would have insisted on the well-established international precedent of continued recognition of the established government in Spain and its right of trade and commerce with other nations, even while its own rebels, with foreign mercenaries, were trying to overthrow it. It seems that France wanted to preserve this traditional attitude and keep the French border open, at least allowing the free passage of goods, under ordinary customs restrictions; but Britain, to which France is tied in Europe, became very pious about "non-intervention" when they saw that Germany and Italy would give sufficient assistance to Franco and his rebels. They met and shammed and even had Germany and Italy signing on the dotted line, without any hope that either of the dictators would respect the bargain.

Today when a sincere person wants to visit Spain and "see," he comes face to face with the results and

effects of all this shamming: if he be British, he hardly gets permission at all, unless he is going to visit the rebel-controlled parts; if he be French, he is held back officially, although he may escape across the border under the averted eyes of French minor officials; if he be American, he finds his passport stamped *Not Good for Spain.* This prohibition to Americans is difficult to overcome; it can be done if one is representing the Red Cross or some medical service. The Medical Bureau and North American Committee, who are frankly aiding the people and "democracy" in Spain, asked me to extend a European trip which I was taking in the summer, and go to Spain. I decided to go, and to go legally. We applied to our State Department, and after long and wearisome red tape, we succeeded in getting the O. K. of the United States, the permission of the Paris Prefecture of Police, and the necessary details from the Spanish embassies and consulates in Paris and at the French border, and entered Catalunya, the great and peacetime prosperous part of Spain, of which Barcelona is the capital.

Going through southern France, we saw everything looking lovely and human, and in some ways abundant: there were tens of thousands of acres of grapevines, out of which the ever-present French wines are made. Grapes are as great a staple in southern France as is cotton in Georgia. As money is a queer and uncertain social element in the disorders of war, I left most of my money and my baggage in Paris,—borrowing a small bag for the trip to Spain. In Perpignan, last city of France before reaching the border, we visited the Spanish consulate, the banks, and the food stores, and prepared to tackle the border. The food stalls of Perpignan were loaded with food,—the best fruits and vegetables in the world. One hears that milk and sweets and fruits are practically absent from war-torn Spain, and that vegetables and meats are now scarce. In my parcel from Paris were some crackers, some canned milk, canned meats, cheese, bologna sausages, and some cigarettes. I use neither cigarettes nor bologna, but these, and most of the other things, I had bought to give away in Spain.

From Perpignan onward, there was no more railway travel for the journey: the Spanish Propaganda Department's Paris branch had arranged for a government car to meet me in Perpignan, convey me to the actual border, where the government would see that I got further into Spain. We were headed for Barcelona, great city of Catalunya, with over a million people normally, but now with an added million of refugees and warworkers,—a city that was a port 400 years before the Romans, refounded by Hannibal's father later, and deriving its present name from him: Hamilcar Barca,—Barcino, Barcelona. The people of Catalunya did not want this war, and were cold to both sides, until Mussolini's bombers from the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean drove them into full sympathy with the Republican cause. These islands are just beyond the horizon,—and every few days Barcelona is liable for a visitation of murder from the skies. They were bombing Barcelona when I was setting out from Paris, they attempted to bomb it after I was there two days, and they have bombed it many times since. In one bombing this year the Italians killed 800 and wounded 1,500 in Barcelona; in other bombings they may succeed in killing only one or two and wounding a half dozen. But the property damage is always frightful: buildings ripped, windows shattered, craters blown into the pavements, and fires set. The city has not burned down largely because there are no wooden buildings in southern Europe. The Old Cathedral, built 600 years ago, and which your encyclopedia will tell you contained the most beautiful stained glass windows on earth, was hit by one of these devil's bombs and demolished. Its great façade stands there now like a ruin, right in the heart of the city. Air bombing is a cowardly business at its best, but it is unspeakably cowardly when it attacks the civil population in that way: the bombers ride high in the air, about three miles up, where they can hardly be seen or heard,—and they drop their missiles and hurry back to their infernal nest in the sea. They do not risk battle, they do not look for soldiers, they cannot see what they are hitting and they do not care; they go up the coast before they reach the sleeping city, sail inland and then come over the great mountains that stand back of Barcelona, headed again for the Mediterranean haven, cut their motors as they come over the mountains, glide, drop their death, and speed up their motors and run away. If there are defense planes in the air, and if the searchlights pick up the invaders before they reach their objective, they turn back and flee, as they did on the night when we were watching.

The Barcelona people are therefore building bomb-proof cellars, if anything can be absolute proof against the terrific explosives, and they are building them as permanent structures, in all the streets and under the great squares. These sub-refuges always have two exits or more, and additional air vents, and picks and shovels for digging out, because a bomb may close one or more of the exits. There were buildings six or more stories high, ripped from roof to cellar by bombs.

All the energies of this people are being consumed in defense: they have no elevators running, no taxis—few tramcars and buses. When the tramcar or bus comes along, it is loaded even on the top, with young men and women hanging on the running boards and on the couplings and brake fixtures. And, think of it! for more than a year both England and France denied this city the right to buy anti-aircraft guns for its plain defense, so ironclad were they about their non-intervention policy. Meanwhile Italy and Germany poured men and machines into Franco's territory.

There are American boys fighting in Spain, and one is not ashamed of them. They are white and black; they have violated passports and government orders and have come from the Atlantic and the Pacific. To be sure, many of them got to Spain ahead of the prohibitory enactments of their home governments. The Abraham Lincoln Brigade will long be remembered in Spain. From it have come some of the greatest heroes of this war. The American black boys, and black boys from Abyssinia and northeast Africa, encounter no barrier of any kind whatsoever in Spain. One American said to me: "Sometimes I think I get the 'breaks' here just because I am black." As soon as I reached my hotel in Barcelona, they told me about one of the great Ebro Front heroes in the recent advance of the Loyalists back across the river: Luchelle McDaniels, of San Francisco, a coal-black American, who had driven back a whole company of Italians by the use of thirty-odd handgrenades. "Furnish him a few truckloads next time," I said, "and he will drive them all out." McDaniels got only one explosive bullet in the left thigh, which did him no permanent injury, and in the Mataro Hospital he was laughing and itching to get back to

the front. What makes the black American fight so hard for liberty in the Argonne and on the Ebro?

War is a monstrous thing, even a war of defense. Surely Ethiopia and Spain have shown even the most enthusiastic pacifist that there may be a side of defense, even in hellish war. The World War, which had such little reason for coming on, so sickened many men that they went to extremes in their opposition even to a defense against enslavement, if the defense involved the need of fighting. "It is the war," is the explanation of that extremeness. The European dictators have changed so many of these peace-minded people that it will take a long time to get back such a devotion to the idea of non-resistance. Most of us now frankly confess that we would fight without hesitation if our country faced the threat of invasion, especially by the dictatorships. One minister of California, returning on my ship, remarked: "I have devoted my energies to peace movements for many years, but this little visit to Europe has made me doubt whether we can always manage our defense in that way."

But war means dictatorship, at least a military dictatorship during the war period. The only difference between free government and tyranny in wartime is the hope of the people who are used to freedom that they can recapture liberty *after* the war is over. The people of Spain seem devoted to their government because they believe it to be the only hope of future liberty, of liberty after the war days have passed. The military at the present must run everything, from orphan farms and military hospitals to the fighting fronts. Young men who ought to be in school, studying economics and algebra, are soldiers of the line. Industry is "war-industry," and construction is largely replacement and military structure. North of the French border, merchants beg for customers; south of that border, in Spain, men and children are in need of food. They are smoking weeds in Spain, and a package of *Camels* would be something to walk many miles for. The democracies seem to have betrayed democracy in Spain, in their efforts to be "neutral." In southern France, in the limestone cliffs, are some of the dwellings of Cro-Magnon man, of 20,000 to 25,000 years ago. In one cave primitive man scratched on the rock walls what is supposed to be the earliest picture of men: in warfare, shooting arrows at each other,—two opposing groups. When one looks at that picture, and looks up at Mussolini's air-killers, one concludes that in 25,000 years the human "critter" has made no progress except in the destructiveness of the engines he uses. He took more risk in the old days; he sent arrows and met them. But now he takes little risk, rides three miles high, and drops death in a children's camp or on a hospital. But all the horrors of war will not make the Spanish people willing to have their home-grown liberties traded away for peace to others, as was the case in Czechoslovakia.

Episodes of Travel

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Among the most interesting aspects of foreign travel are the episodes which occur without preparation or foresight of any kind—the accidents upon which one stumbles as upon stones in the road or flowers in the field. They are frequently amusing, sometimes tragic, almost invariably significant. To the discerning eye they will appear as the "little acorns" from which "great oaks" grow.

In my travels this past summer, I seemed to encounter comparatively few of these revealing episodes. Yet there were some which may be worth recording.

A Street-Corner Crowd in Paris

We had been spending the day at Rheims, to see the great cathedral, now so amazingly restored after the destruction wrought by the fierce bombardments during the Great War. As we descended from the taxi at our hotel door, we saw a group of perhaps twenty-five or thirty people clustered at the corner. It was a little after six o'clock, and men and women were hurrying home from the day's work. Why should they stop in this fashion?

As I watched, I saw that the crowd was a changing one. Men would stop, look intently, speak hurriedly to a neighbor, and then after a moment or two pass on. Women were quite as numerous as men, and acted in the same way. Many were carrying newspapers, and reading them anxiously as they moved away. As we pushed our way into the knot of people, we heard a woman's rhythmic cry, and then saw on the post above our heads three newspapers spread open, with flaring headlines straight across the page. This was a newspaper vendor—the evening papers were just out, giving report of Hitler's proclamation at the opening of the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg that day (September 6th)!

As we later discovered, this proclamation was of no great importance as bearing upon the Czechoslovakian crisis. It was a bombastic utterance of generalities, sounding the praises of greater Germany and asserting its will to power. The smashing phrases meant little at the moment as to what Hitler intended to do about the dispute with Prague which was threatening to engulf a world in disaster. Yet all over Paris, as I believe, this little scene which I was witnessing was being repeated on a thousand street corners. It was enormously significant of the mind of the French people. These men and women are calm and quiet. They go naturally about their business, and talk easily in the shops and in the hotels and on the trains. They sit in the cafés, and let the moments slip serenely by as they sip their coffees or light wines. In the evening they are gay, as Parisians alone know how to be gay. One would never know, to look at them, that there was any trouble in the wind. But underneath, not deep down but perilously close to the surface, is a fear of war which is like a burning fever. On the slightest provocation, this latent fear becomes for the moment dominant. On this September evening, for example, these French citizens could not learn fast enough what Hitler had said that might mean death or life for their country. That little crowd of passers-by on the street corner, like moths about a flame, was hectic with fluttering excitement. Yet each went quietly his way when the news was known, and waited for another day. This one more night at least one could sleep!

A Reader in the Railway Carriage

She was a quiet-looking woman—dressed in rusty black, with an old and shapeless hat and a battered handbag. Of middle-age, dowdy, shapeless, poor but honest, she was the typical specimen of English lower middle-class life. She had probably married early (a wedding ring was on her finger), worked hard at menial household tasks, counted pennies and scrimped and saved for, lo, these many years. She was probably, also, a member of the local Methodist chapel, and had never had any entertainment or diversion except the Sunday service and the weekly prayer meeting. It seemed amazing that she should be traveling down to London that night, for she did not look as though she had ever journeyed more than a few miles from home.

She was reading a book—a cheap, paper-covered novel. The printing was bad and it was difficult to see the title, but there seemed to be a girl on the cover in some kind of unattire. The book did not seem to interest the woman overmuch—there was no absorption or excitement in her reading. She would turn the pages for a time, then hold the book in her lap while she gazed idly out of the window, then languidly pick it up again and read. What *was* that title? Yes—the word "Girl" was in it, but that did not seem to match up with the appearance of this sober, conventional, hardworking, unimaginative woman. There must be something wrong somewhere.

I must get that title! The woman was making no effort at all to conceal it. She simply had it folded over, and her rough, sloppy hands were covering it as she held the book close to her eyes. At last she laid the book down beside her on the seat, cover up. There was the title *Strip Girl*—and there was the girl herself, stripped of almost her last article of clothing. The author's name I did not recognize, nor do I now remember it. Perhaps it was not important.

As the London suburbs came in view, the woman picked up the book, and placed it carefully in her handbag. In the station she buttoned up her shabby coat, rose heavily to her feet, and shuffled out of the compartment.

Typical Americans

Americans were scarce this summer in Europe. We saw a few in London, almost none in Switzerland, more in Paris. But it was in Switzerland that we met two Americans, as different as day and night, and yet both typical.

Mr. S. came from a small town in Texas. He was large in body, jovial in temperament, expansive, good-natured, tolerant, generous, an oil man, a member of the local chamber of commerce, an active member of the Methodist church, a Democrat but suspicious of President Roosevelt. He and his wife had been in Europe since June, doing a Cook's tour which had included Denmark, Iceland, Scandinavia, Finland, Russia, Poland, Italy. He was now in Switzerland, traveling from Montreux to Interlaken, and had Germany, Holland, England, and Ireland still to go before taking steamer for home. He was still good-natured after all his traveling, but tired, worried, and unhappy.

I noticed him first in the hotel, where he was making sure that he and his wife did not miss the bus which was to take them and us to the train. First he asked the concierge if the bus left at 8:30, and, assured that it did, he wandered off only to encounter a porter, to whom he anxiously put the same question. Now doubly assured, he was quiet until the manager passed by, when he inquired a third time if the bus for the railway station left at 8:30. He was not going to miss that train if he could help it!

I noticed him next in the Interlaken train, and spoke with him. He had just made a successful forage for water, and was drinking with deep satisfaction from a large bottle of "eaux mineral" which he had purchased from a station vendor. "Ah," he exclaimed, "that's good! These folks over here don't seem to know what water is. O, for a big pitcher of ice-water! Haven't had a decent drink for more than two months."

Water seemed to suggest the thought of food. "I can't wait to get home," he confided to me, "and eat a big, thick, juicy steak. 'Martha Washington,' I'll say —Martha is our nigger cook!—'Martha Washington, go out and get the thickest steak you can find, cook it rare, swim it in butter, bring it in to me, and I'll eat it bone and all.' "

The word "nigger" offended me, but I quickly saw that it meant nothing to Mr. S. He used it as adults use the word "kiddies" in referring to children, or as this man himself later on used the word "damnyankees." It was a perfectly innocent part of his inherited vocabulary. More and more as I talked with Mr. S., my heart warmed to him. He loved America, but without a particle of flamboyance or flapdoodle. He found "these foreigners" unaccountably strange, but he had no contempt for them. On the contrary, his talk was full of stories, colored by an almost wistful gratitude, of kindnesses received in this country and in that as he had met people on his way. He had obviously been brought up in an atmosphere of suspicion or even fear of Catholics, but he shared in neither sentiment. He told with genuine enthusiasm of a Catholic priest whom he had met on the steamer coming over, and of their long talks together, and of what he had learned of the good of the ancient faith of Rome. Basic in the man was a touching sincerity. He knew that he was ignorant, and did not hide the fact that he did not know the meaning or importance of all these things which he was seeing. He was frank in his confession that he was wearied to death of old churches, dead men's graves, picture galleries, and historical monuments. I could detect not a trace of arrogance in his attitude—he did not confuse his ignorance with a sense of superiority that he was above such things! He wanted to learn, wished to understand—and was baffled that, after all these journeyings, he was still "all at sea." There was pathos in his eager questionings when he discovered that I had been in Europe before, and had some knowledge of and opinions upon the European scene. I kept thinking of Booth Tarkington's "Plutocrat" in his book of that title—the American business man in foreign lands, who was so crude, so parochial, and yet in the end so lovable and even heroic.

I tested out Mr. S. on every point—Catholics, Jews, Negroes, Republicans, Yankees, foreigners—and could not find a prejudice anywhere. His mind was ill-trained and badly befuddled, but his heart was all good will, kindness, and sweet tolerance. Above all, he thought of home, and yearned for it—the home that was being renovated in his absence, the little town in Texas, the church where he was probably an elder, his business associates and friends, the Rotarian Club. And

still he had more than a month of travel ahead, all in strange lands, before he could set foot on that steamer for New York! Only the presence of his wife, whom he adored, and her keen interest in what they were seeing, kept him going. Nothing moved me more than this man's utter honesty in wishing that the tour were over. We were finishing a certain train trip which had occupied all day, and involved many changes. Mr. S. had a little book of tickets covering the trip, from which conductor after conductor had torn his slip. Finally, the last slip was gone. "Is that the end?" he said to me. "Yes," I replied, "that's all." Whereupon he rose to his feet, pulled down the window, threw the stub vigorously into the air, and exclaimed, with infinite relief, "Nothing makes me so happy as to get rid of one more ticket!"

Mr. X., my second typical American, came from Washington, D. C. I met him on a touring car in Lucerne. I knew he was a snob the moment I saw him step from his hotel, and with pinched countenance and scornful eyes look over his fellow-passengers. We had not gone very far, when the guide pointed to a noble structure on a neighboring hilltop, and described it as an old Catholic institution. "Any nuns in there?" asked Mr. X. "Yes," said the guide. "I'd drown 'em all like rats," came the response.

Later on we saw the castle where the Hapsburgs of Austria had taken refuge after the World War. One thing led to another, and soon the guide was telling us of the Jewish refugees who had fled into Switzerland from Germany, and were now coming from Austria.

"That's right," said my fellow-American. "These Jews are everywhere. You can't keep them out. They swarm on you like vermin. What would you think," he continued, turning to the guide, "if I told you that there are eleven millions of them in America? [I wondered what *he* would think if I told him that the number was over fourteen millions!] They're everywhere. Why, one of them is our Secretary of the Treasury, Morgenthau—and two or three of them are on the Supreme Court."

Later on he turned to me, and began discussing American political conditions. In a trice, the anti-Roosevelt tirade was on, like a deluge from a broken hydrant. Roosevelt was ruining the country, Roosevelt's policies were Communistic, Roosevelt's family was a scandal, Roosevelt himself was a crook and a traitor! I listened. I would no more have entered into controversy with such a mind than I would take a bath in sewer-water. But deep, deep down in my heart there welled up like a stream oozing through sandy soil, a sense of chagrin and mortification, of bitter shame, that ever I had opposed the President in anything, and thus been numbered on any issue among his critics.

Two typical Americans! Yes, typical—both of them—yet as different as summer is from winter! Mr. S. was the perfect type of myriads of Americans whose good nature, integrity, and humility, wedded with whatever lack of culture, make up the sound substance of our republic, and guarantee its future. Mr. X. was the perfect type of intellectual and spiritual snob whose prejudices and hatreds, glossed over by a selfish elegance, are poisons infecting the blood of our democracy. To find both these men typical of America was to discover that there is no universal American. We have no type, but only *types*—and these were two of them.

A Hotel Clerk in Paris

We were leaving Paris that night for the boat at Havre. I stepped to the desk at my hotel to pay my bill, after a stay of four days in the loveliest of European cities.

"Well," I said, in a spirit of jollity, "I've got some money for you."

"I don't know whether we need any money or not," was the strange reply. I glanced up quickly, and looked at the clerk's face, which was dark with gloom. I could see not a trace of glad reaction to my remark.

"Not need any money," I exclaimed in baffled confusion. "I—I don't understand."

"War!" was the laconic reply. "How much longer are we going to have a hotel, or a city?"

War! My mind went back to 1914—to friends of mine who were in a French village when the war of that year engulfed the country, and they heard women crying in the night, as in some mad dream of terror, "La guerre! La guerre!!" Was I in the midst of another such crisis—and escaping just in time?

It was a crisis, all right! Only ten days before, diplomats had been in such a panic as they had not experienced since those feverish days and nights preceding the dread August of twenty-four years ago. French reservists had just been called to the colors, and the Maginot Line, along the German frontier, was being manned at full war strength. The English high seas' fleet, engaged in "the usual routine autumn maneuvers" as the official announcement put it, was mobilized off the east coast of Scotland, ready for instant action. What wonder that this hotel clerk was mournfully thinking of war, and of bombardments of his fair city which would make the earlier bombardments of 1914-18 seem like the dropping of rose-petals on the head of Henny-Penny in the old nursery tale.

He took my money and receipted my bill. "This crisis will pass," I said. "There's not going to be any war. Not *now!*"

"Very good," he replied. "But it will come. I wish you a happy voyage to America."

New, Yet Ever Old

She was a fascinating girl—clean-cut features, clear complexion, bright eyes set above bright cheeks, fair hair, lithe figure, *lovely*. Yet she seemed to be trying to conceal every aspect of femininity. Everything about her, in outward aspect at least, was boyish. She was the last word in modern womanhood.

Thus, her soft hair was cut short to her head, and combed like the hair of a schoolboy. Her clothes were a man's suit more than a woman's dress, and hid successfully all the soft lines of her figure except her legs, which were beautifully stockinged and shod. She smoked her cigarettes not at all with a woman's incurable self-consciousness but with a man's easy nonchalance. She was up-to-date, no doubt about that! This girl was free from all the inhibitions of the female. It seemed not surprising that, on this crowded week-end train to Oxford, she was traveling alone.

I noticed her, first, because she was so lovely a creature. Then I found myself studying her—or rather her problem. Why was she gotten up in this mannish fashion? What did she do in life? Where was she going on this Saturday afternoon? I became aware of a strange nervousness in the girl. She was reading,

and yet did not read. She was constantly looking up from the page, her eager eyes searching the windows of the car as the landscape sped by. She smoked one cigarette after another, as though in a vain endeavor to quiet her impatience. She was not anxious, or disturbed—least of all, unhappy—but eager to a degree that made even our fast express seem like the slow moving of an ox-cart.

As we neared Oxford, she got up and went to the window in the corridor. She could sit still no longer! Soon the window was pulled down, and she was leaning and peering out. The train slowed down to the station, and she seemed a bubbling sparkle of effervescence. Suddenly she gave a cry—came dashing into the compartment for bag and baggage—was at the window again, and now was calling, calling to a fair-haired young man upon the platform, who saw her and straightway was as rapturous as herself. As I watched, she disappeared toward the door of the carriage. I gathered up my coat and camera, and leisurely disembarked. And there was this girl again—folded in the young man's arms, kissing him, fondling him, all oblivious of the swirling crowds.

"Her husband," said my daughter. "You saw her wedding ring!"

"Come down to spend the week end," was my comment. "The boy must be a student at one of the summer sessions here."

I watched the girl go down the platform, her sweet face all aglow with a light as ancient as the human heart. She had tried so hard to be modern—loyal to the emancipation of her sex, and yet she was as old as time which changes—and never changes.

Paris, France.

Correspondence

World Peace or Czech Liberty

Editor of UNITY:

It seemed that world peace was at stake. The desire of Germany to annex the Sudeten territory in Czechoslovakia might have thrown the world into a war in which millions of lives would have been sacrificed.

Statesmen and idealists of all lands, especially America, in 1914, preached a holy war against Germany "to save Belgium," to "make the world safe for democracy," and "to end all wars." What was the result of this idealistic World War? Millions of youths of all lands, the flower of humanity, perished without accomplishing any lasting good. To save Czechoslovakia from German conquest should we have had another world war?

I hoped and prayed that the German-Czechoslovakian dispute would be settled peacefully through negotiations, as President Roosevelt so eloquently suggested. If it had failed, would it have been fair that a small country like Czechoslovakia should have opposed German invasion, depending upon her own strength and also upon the aid of her allies, France, Russia, and possibly Great Britain? Would Czechoslovakia, or any country for that matter, have been justified in bringing about a world war for the sake of defending her liberty?

It was idealistic and it was noble of Czechoslovakia to surrender under pressure without fighting, and in this way save the world from suffering and bloodshed, from agony and death, from the hell-fire of war.

PATRICIA D. SPRAGUE.

New York City.

Peace Prize for Benes

Editor of UNITY:

Some one suggests the Nobel Peace Prize for Chamberlain. Don't you think there is another man with an even greater claim to recognition?

The real hero in this drama of central Europe is Benes, the man who pioneered with Thomas G. Masaryk to make Czech independence possible. He has lived to see the lifework of that eminent statesman in ruins, and his political philosophy repudiated. Benes is called on to make great sacrifices and he does it without posing or trying to play the role of Leonidas at Thermopylae. In the pagan ethics of imperialism that is the only honorable thing to do.

But Benes steps down from power amid jeers of enemies. He takes the cross of humiliation and follows in the steps of John Huss, that others may live and be spared worse fate. Great indeed is the spirit of one who can throw off the psychology of militarism and the cult of war in the face of national despair. Against the irrational background of European politics with all its intolerance and barbarisms stands the pathetic figure of Benes, a figure of resignation and devotion. His endurance and patience are not tokens of defeat but of allegiance to a waning ideal of Christian values reminiscent of Huss before the blind fanaticism of the Council of Constance.

BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER

San Diego, California

The Field

(*Continued from page* 66)

strably futile and repugnant to the common conscience. . . . A fresh start in international affairs must be sought even in these moments of crisis. . . . The policy required would involve examination of grievances and a just revision of treaties and boundaries, readiness to submit our own colonial claims to drastic revision, and economic reconstruction so as to raise the standard of life everywhere. The congress appeals to the churches to affirm that war is a flagrant denial of the Gospel of Christ and of their own witness, to refuse to take part in war, and to follow the way of the Cross in continuous prayer with faith and hope."

—*Nofrontier News Service.*

Theistic Manifesto

On the occasion of the recent meeting of the International Congress of the World Union of Freethinkers in London, England, the following "Manifesto" was signed and published by 178 members of Parliament, including George Lansbury, Sir Thomas Inskip, and W. S. Morrison:

> In these momentous days when conflict and anxiety prevail on every side, we wish to bear our witness, for the encouragement of our fellowmen to certain firm convictions gained from, and upheld by, the experience of life.
>
> We believe in the Fatherhood of God. We believe that to those who seek it, God gives guidance and help.
>
> We believe in the brotherhood of man.
>
> We believe that the hope of the world is in the freedom brought about by that brotherhood, and the practice, in the Spirit of Christ, of truth and justice which it entails.
>
> We believe that the human spirit desires to reach to a higher plane of conduct, and although prone to evil seeks through repentance and forgiveness to attain to harmony with the Divine Will.
>
> We believe that with the attainment of that harmony the understanding and wisdom and courage to settle the differences of mankind and bring peace will come.
>
> In this faith we would seek to live, remembering always that throughout the world there are multitudes holding, in varied forms, the same faith and moving towards the same goal.